

# Consequences

by sevfan

Sequel to "Off the Deep End." Severus looks for the truth about the spectacle in the Great Hall.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Anti-litigation charm: Not mine, I am only playing with JKR's characters.

Severus Snape waited in his office as the seventh-year Slytherin and Gryffindor students reached their seats. He could hear them snickering to each other; the words "Great Hall" and "boxers" reached his ears. His hand clenched around his wand as he refrained from hexing anyone. He decided to give the little buggers enough room to implicate themselves. With the atmosphere as chaotic as a herd of stampeding hippogriffs, he cast a non-verbal "*Legilimens*." Although not as precise as it would be if he were looking into the eyes of the guilty person, he would be able to gather a few impressions from the emotionally charged room.

The first thoughts that met his were focused on the trail of black wiry hairs that curled over the top of his boxer *stantalizingly*. Images of his hands forcefully pushing essays off his desk assailed him. Hmm... Miss Granger's thoughts then. Who knew that the Gryffindor princess had detention fantasies? Maybe, now that she was eighteen, he could indulge her. Unfortunately, tonight's detention with the little know-it-all would serve a different purpose.

A couple stood embracing each other, one with pale blonde hair and the other dark. Their lips were touching hungrily as if their salvation lay in expressing every thought, every touch in this one moment. Potter and Malfoy? Without eye contact, impossible to tell exactly whose fantasy that was....

His frock coat sailing as it flew towards the Gryffindors, buttons clattering as they bounced across the floor. Thoughts of pleasures to be had warring with the side benefit of higher grades. Ah, a Slytherin Pansy Parkinson, if his luck was running true to form.

There it was smug satisfaction! Eyes gazing intently at Miss Granger as she frantically tried to cool herself down this morning in the Great Hall. The vantage point of the prankster was from the Gryffindor table next to Potter. Which was it Weasley or Longbottom? The thought of either one of them being the culprit was ludicrous. But Granger wasn't capable of overcoming the years of ingrained politeness and respect to have pulled off this morning's caper. Nor was she stupid enough to have deliberately put the focus on herself.

It was time for his entrance.

Bang! The door to the classroom slammed shut with a satisfying thud. Merlin, he loved that sound. He flicked his wand and instructions appeared on the blackboard.

"Simmer down," he said, letting his gaze sweep over the overactive teens. Weasley was looking downward with a green tint to his skin. Not Weasley, then. Next candidate, he thought to himself.

"Longbottom! Twenty points from Gryffindor for breathing heavy."

This drew indignant gasps from most of the Gryffindors as expected. Neville, however, kept serenely quiet as if he knew something special. Definitely suspicious. Normally,

he would be quaking in his shoes.

"Detention, tonight at 7:00 PM." That wiped the serenity from Longbottom's face and caused an outpouring of angry words from the other Gryffindors.

"But, Professor, Neville hasn't done anything to earn a detention. He was just standing there," Hermione cried.

"Miss Granger, unless there was something about my desk you would like to discuss with the rest of the class, I would suggest you start preparing your ingredients. No? I thought not."

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Hermione fumed angrily as she and Neville worked on preparing the potion's ingredients in their detention. She couldn't decide if she was angrier because somehow her professor had discovered her fantasy of him, his desk and a can of whipped topping or because he had *invited* Neville to the detention. Okay, so invited was a little strong, but really, how ridiculous to give him a detention for breathing heavy? As if Neville could hurt anyone. She moved some of the porcupine quills closer to the boil cure potion that Professor Snape was working on. He would need to add them after the potion was removed from the fire. The rest she carried with her to the storeroom for the first-years' class tomorrow.

She was startled by a loud explosion. Worried about what might have happened, she rushed back in to see Professor Snape smirking with his arms folded across his chest. Neville was grabbing at his clothes that were now drenched with the botched boil cure potion. She watched as the liquid burned holes through his robes and shirt; welts were already appearing on his arms. He tore off the rest of his shirt, exposing the white pudgy skin of his chest, which contrasted greatly with the red angry boils continuing to emerge on Neville's torso. She looked back and forth between them to see if either would make any explanation for the incident. Neville looked confused while Professor Snape appeared satisfied and somewhat smug. There was no way the potion's failure was an accident.

The memory of Professor Snape standing in the Great Hall this morning in only his boxers returned; he had looked lean and powerful.

"Hospital Wing, Longbottom, before those boils start popping," the professor said as he waved his wand to clean up the rest of the potion.

Neville gave a little squeak and rushed out the swiftly closing door.

Hermione watched curiously as Professor Snape strode over to his desk and swept all of the papers to the floor. Her heart beat faster as she realized he had also conjured up a can of Reddi-Wip.

"Well, Miss Granger," he said, turning towards her. "It appears we may have time to indulge ourselves, after all." A swish of his wand and he was once again clad only in his silky black boxers. He then studied her for a moment. "I believe, however, that you are overdressed for this detention." Another swish and she was standing in nothing but her lacy lavender knickers.

Hermione moved across the room until she was standing next to him. She was so close that she could feel the heat radiating from his body. The young Gryffindor was not one to waste an opportunity; this was her fantasy come true. With a softly murmured spell, she placed a cushioning charm on the desk. No need for splinters or back problems with magic around. Standing on her tiptoes, she kissed her way along his neckline. Her hand softly touched his smooth cheek before moving to his shoulder length hair. She pulled his head towards her and tasted his lips.

"Five points from Slytherin, Professor," she announced cheekily. "We should have been doing this an hour ago." His eyes watched her intently as she lay down on his now barren desk, placing her hands behind her head.

"I believe I shall be the one doing the grading here, Miss Granger," Severus replied as he shook the can of whipped topping and then began writing with it. "You have earned 92 percent for your attire." This number he wrote across her ample chest; the bottom of the percent sign circling her nipple. His tongue followed the same path as the topping, and she found she was having a hard time concentrating. He bit down on her nipple, forcing her to focus.

"Pay attention, Miss Granger," he ordered as he shook the can again. "Five percent for the judicious use of the cushioning charm." This number he wrote on her stomach, the circle now around her belly button. Hermione shivered as much from his velvety voice and the anticipation of what was to come as from the cold topping now trickling into her belly button and down her sides. His tongue again followed, licking and kissing the sensitive skin. She could not suppress a moan as his tongue delved into the opening of her belly button.

She felt him move away once again and waited to hear the shake of the can. After all, there was still three percent unaccounted for. When it didn't come she opened her eyes. He was standing over her, watching her reaction. Knowing that he once again had her full attention, he put the can of topping down next to his wand. He then slowly pulled her panties off, looked at them for a second, contemplating something, and placed them next to the other objects.

At last he picked up the can of Reddi-Wip and shook it. He then placed his arms on her bended knees and pushed her legs apart, exposing her to the air and his view.

"And lastly," he said huskily, "two percent for the use of whipped topping."

Hermione held her breath as he brought the can closer. She was already tingling with excitement and the coolness of the sprayed topping caused her to gasp. This time the number he wrote began at her pelvic bone and covered her sensitive mound. The percent sign itself was drawn out, the end extending to and circling her nub. While she eagerly awaited the touch of his tongue on her once again, she realized her imagination had been pale in comparison to this!

Severus did not make her wait long as he pushed her legs apart even more to give him access to his goal. Hermione raised her head up slightly to watch him. The sight of his face between her legs, his mouth descending upon her, was more erotic than anything she could have thought up and a sight she would never forget. All thought left her at the touch of his lips on her skin. Unlike his slow torture of before, he was now eating the topping off of her hungrily. When he reached the end of his percent sign, he circled her clit with his tongue, teasing her mercilessly. Then he placed his hands under her bottom bringing her up as he plunged his tongue into her and then sucked the remaining cream from her body. Hermione was still gasping from her climax as he took his wand once again and cleaned up the mess.

She sat up on the desk, trying to calm her breathing. Something still niggled at her.

"Please, sir. I would like to know why I only received a 99 percent on my assignment." Although, at this point it didn't really matter to her one bit, it kept him talking. She really did not want this detention to end.

"I deducted one point, Miss Granger, because your lacy undergarments were not in my favorite color black."

"As you are aware, sir... I hate to give anything less than 100 percent. Perhaps there is something I can do for extra credit, to earn for that last one percent?"

"I think we might be able to arrange something," he replied. He motioned for her to move as he then took his turn at lying across the large desk.

Hermione waved her wand and the black boxers were gone. She feasted her eyes on his body, lingering on his erection. His eyes narrowed, and she quickly climbed back on the desk before he could take away points for dallying.

She touched him, shyly at first and then more boldly as she guided him into her. She was still wet and eager as she rode him, thankful that she had thought of the cushion that made the experience more pleasurable and easier on her knees. He held onto her hip with one hand and the other he used to caress her jiggling breasts.

It did not take either of them very long to reach their peak.

Spent, Hermione stretched out beside him on the desk. Was it her imagination or was this desk getting bigger by the moment?

As they lay quietly in the aftermath, Hermione decided she needed to clear something up.

"Professor," she said, her voice still thin and breathy. She swallowed and tried once again to regain her equilibrium.

"Now, I see the difference."

A/N: Thanks to all that reviewed and requested more. Thanks also to the Harry Potter Lexicon for its information on the boil cure potion. Thanks especially go out to my beta, Ksevfansd, for the lovely lemony portions of the scene. She rocks!